

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



**FURY-- AT 15,000 FEET!!
THE GLADIATOR STRIKES!**

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

FIRST--THE RUMBLING OF MASSIVE **JETS**, THE SLOW FORWARD MOTION, HESITANT, **STRAINING**-- THEN, A GENTLE SENSE OF **LIFTING** AS HARD FIBER GLASS WHEELS SCRAPE BLACK **TARMAC**--

--AND FINALLY, RUSHING AGAINST THE CURRENT OF YOUR BLOOD, THE **THRUST** OF THOSE MIGHTY WINGS THROUGH COLD LONDON AIR, THE LAST FULL **SURGE**--

--AS THE GROUND, THE WORLD YOU KNOW AND UNDERSTAND, DROPS AWAY **BENEATH** YOU.

THE NIGHT SKY OPENS; TREMBLING, THE GIANT **BOEING 747** RISES INTO THAT EBONY **VAULT**...!

FUNNY HOW THREE DAYS CAN MOVE SO **QUICKLY**, ISN'T IT, MATTHEW?

THREE DAYS AND EVEN THE SPECTRE OF **DAREDEVIL** SEEMS TO FADE INTO THE DARKER PARTS OF YOUR **MEMORY**!

NIGHT FLIGHT!

STAN LEE, EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER
GENE COLAN, ARTIST
SYD SHORES, INKER
JON COSTA, LETTERER

TIME MOVES *SLOWLY*, AS IT ALWAYS DOES WHEN ONE TRAVELS... UNTIL THE NUMBING BANTER DESIGNED TO CONCEAL ONE'S SUBCONSCIOUS FEARS *DIES AWAY*, AND SUBJECTS MORE *CONCRETE* RISE TO THE SURFACE... AS THEY DO FOR *MATT MURDOCK* AND HIS *SCARLET-HAIRED* COMPANION, THE *BLACK WIDOW*...

PENNY FOR YOUR *THOUGHTS*, MATT. NO--WHY SPEND THE *MONEY*?

YOU'VE GOT TO BE THINKING ABOUT THAT MAN, THE *ASSASSIN*-- AND WONDERING JUST WHAT *DID* HAPPEN BACK IN *SWITZERLAND*, RIGHT? *

SURE, I WONDER ABOUT THE GUY CALLED *KLINE*--AND MAYBE I WONDER HOW MUCH OF WHAT'S HAPPENED *BETWEEN* US WAS *HIS* DOING--!

I ALSO WONDER IF I'LL WAKE *UP* TOMORROW. NEITHER REALLY *MATTERS* A WHOLE LOT, YOU KNOW?

THAT'S WHAT I *LOVE* ABOUT YOU, MR. MURDOCK...

...YOUR *OPTIMISM*!

* SHOWN IN LAST *ISH, NATCH!*-- STAN

AND *MAYBE* I'M WONDERING IF WHAT I *KNOW* FOR 'TASHA IS *REAL*.

AFTER ALL...HOW LONG HAVE WE *KNOWN* EACH OTHER? SURE, I *DEFENDED* HER AT HER TRIAL--

BUT CAN THAT EXPLAIN THE FEELINGS OF *DEPENDENCE* WE EACH HAVE?

MM, ACCORDING TO THE OLD *RADAR SENSE*--

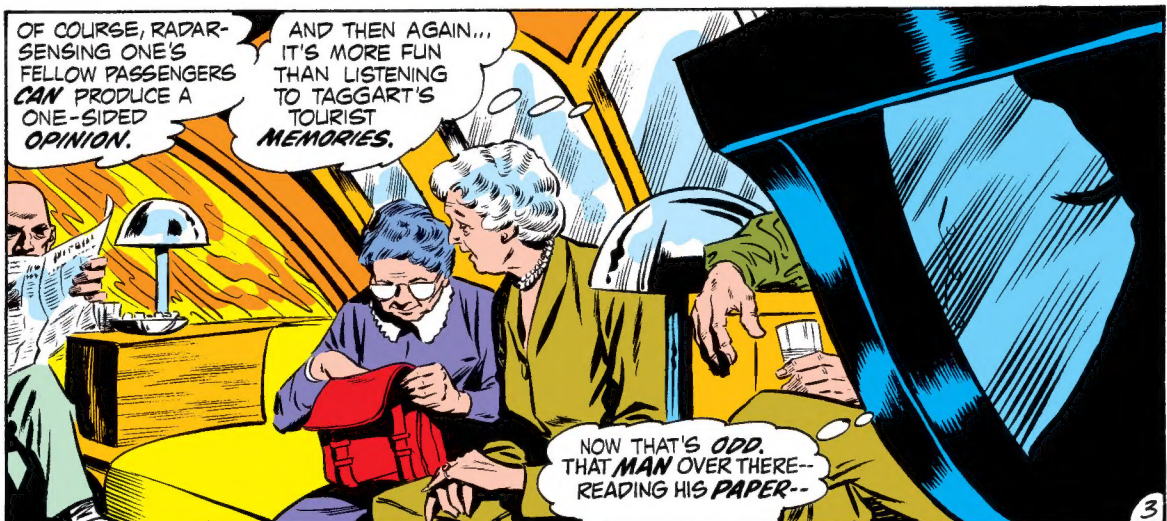
--MASTER *IVAN* MIGHT JUST BE *AGREEING* WITH ME.

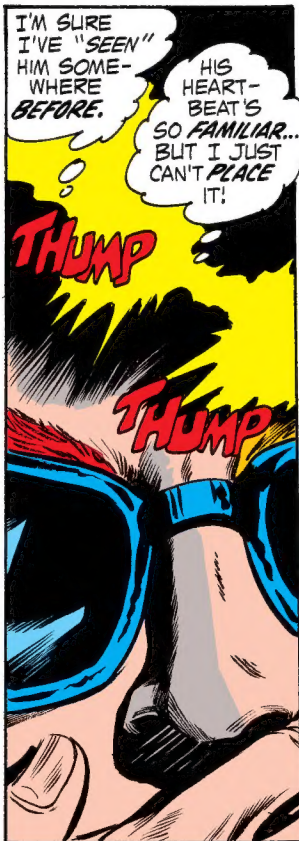
MADAME NATASHA'S *CHAUFFEUR* LIKE TO PLAY FATHER *PROTECTOR*, MR. MURDOCK...

...JUST BE *CAREFUL* YOU DON'T GET IN HIS *WAY*!

SUDDENLY, MATT'S *MUSINGS* ARE *BROKEN* BY...

EXCUSE ME, FRIENDS. MIND IF I *JOIN* YOU?





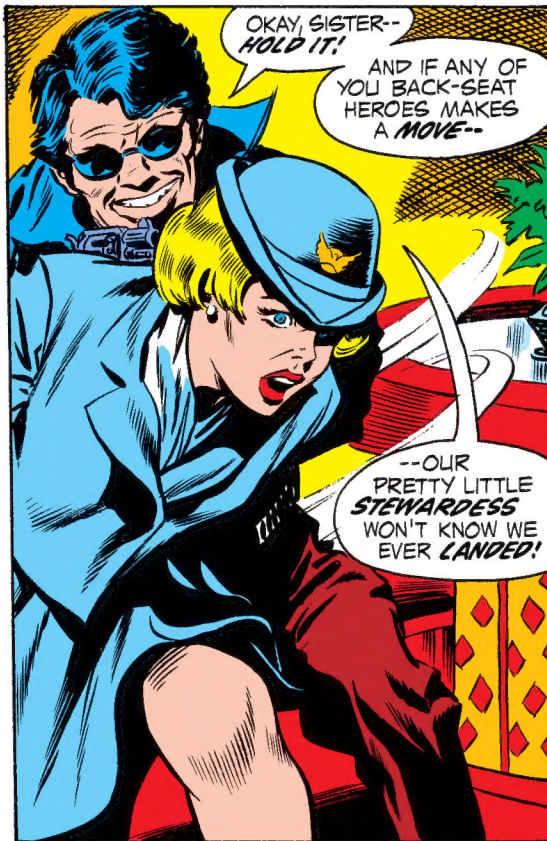
I'M SURE
I'VE "SEEN"
HIM SOME-
WHERE
BEFORE.

HIS
HEART-
BEAT'S
SO FAMILIAR...
BUT I JUST
CAN'T PLACE
IT!



STRANGER STILL.
HE'S CHECKING
HIS WATCH.

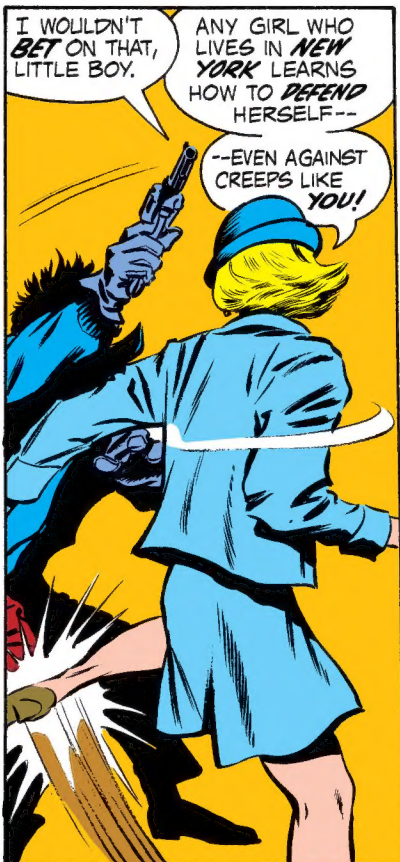
WE'VE GOT AT
LEAST THREE
MORE HOURS
BEFORE--



OKAY, SISTER--
HOLD IT!

AND IF ANY OF
YOU BACK-SEAT
HEROES MAKES
A MOVE--

--OUR
PRETTY LITTLE
STEWARDESS
WON'T KNOW WE
EVER LANDED!



I WOULDN'T
BET ON THAT,
LITTLE BOY.

ANY GIRL WHO
LIVES IN NEW
YORK LEARNS
HOW TO DEFEND
HERSELF--

--EVEN AGAINST
CREEPS LIKE
YOU!



OH! **TWOX**

SHUT
UP,
BIRDIE.

YOU DIDN'T
THINK WALLY WAS
ALONE, DID YOU?

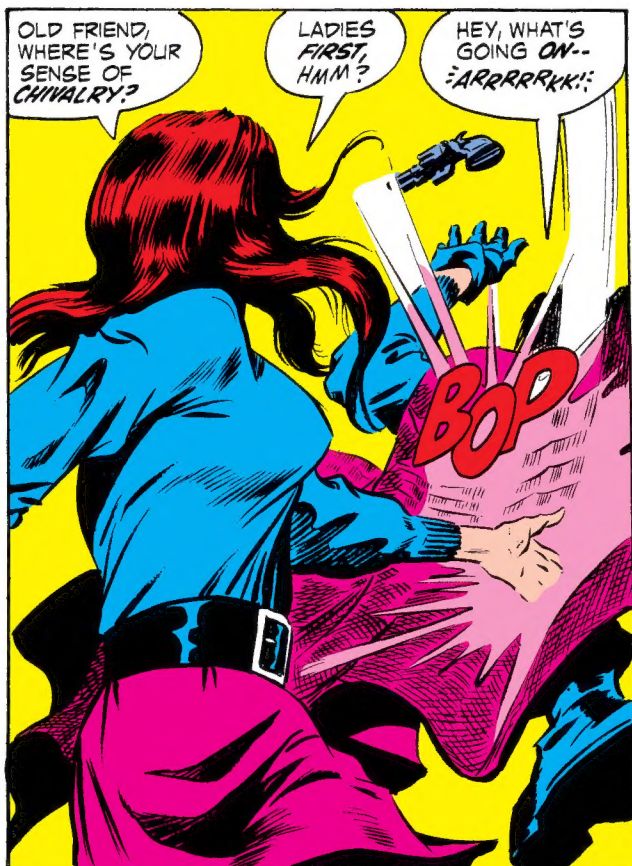


FOOL! THERE WAS
NO NEED FOR
VIOLENCE.

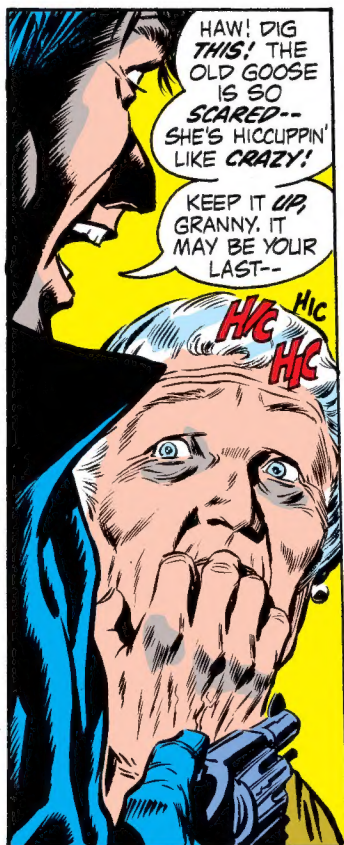
YOU
OTHERS--
LIPSTAIRS
WITH ME.

--AND YOU,
CHEECH--STAY
HERE, NO MORE
VIOLENCE

RIGHTO,
BOSS-
MAN!







HAW! DIG THIS! THE OLD GOOSE IS SO SCARED-- SHE'S HICCUPPIN' LIKE CRAZY!

KEEP IT UP, GRANNY. IT MAY BE YOUR LAST--

Hic Hic



:YEEOW!:

PARDON MY BILLY CLUB, GENT--

SHOCK



--BUT I SORTA THOUGHT IT WAS TIME I SAID HELLO!

HOLY CRUD! DAREDEVIL!



SEE THAT!

NOW I DON'T NEED TO INTRO-DUCE MYSELF!

NICE WORK, HERO-MAN.

YOU SURE YOU NEVER KNEW BOGART?



MATT'S TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE CHANGING TO D.D. I HOPE--

--MR. TAGGART!

MMMMMM? OH, JUST LOOKING, MISS.

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THIS LITTLE BABY...



I'LL TAKE THAT, MR. TAGGART.

OH? OH, SURE. JUST... HEH, JUST CURIOUS, LITTLE LADY.

I'M IN ENGINEERING SALES, YOU SEE...



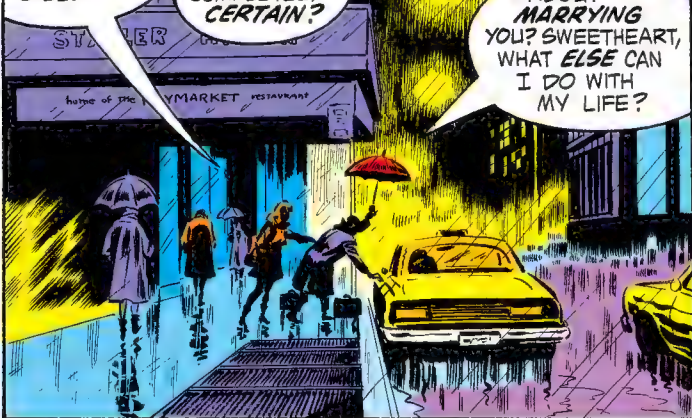


--WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO NEW YORK CITY, WHERE A GIRL ALL TOO FAMILIAR TO OURSELVES AND MISTER MURDOCK PREPARES TO CHANGE HER LIFE...

PHIL, I KNOW THIS SOUNDS SILLY--

--BUT ARE YOU **SURE**-- COMPLETELY **CERTAIN**?

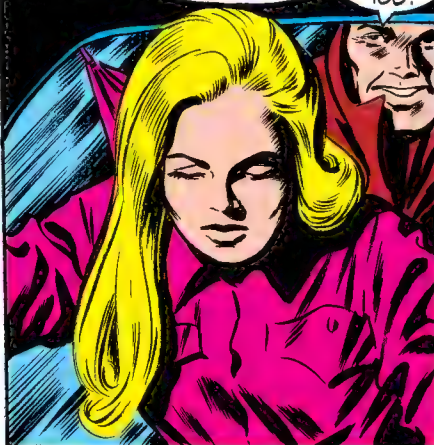
ABOUT **MARRYING** YOU? SWEETHEART, WHAT **ELSE** CAN I DO WITH MY LIFE?



I MEAN, I'VE COME THE **ROUTE**, YOU KNOW?

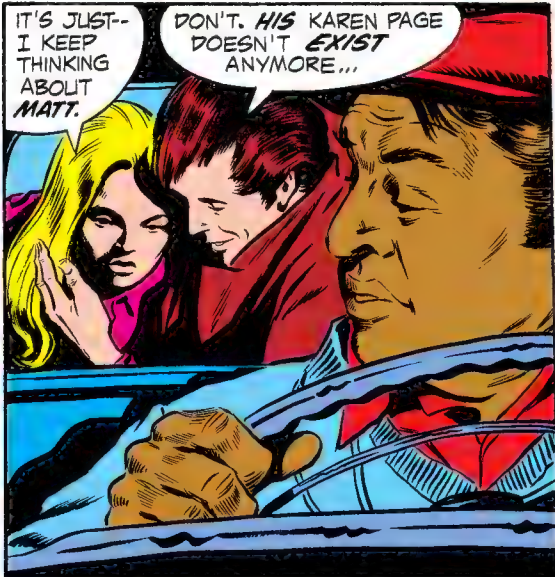
I'VE BEEN YOUR **AGENT**, KAREN-- YOUR **PSYCHIA-TRIST**-- YOUR TOWEL **SHOULDER**--

--I MIGHT AS WELL BE YOUR **HUSBAND**, TOO!



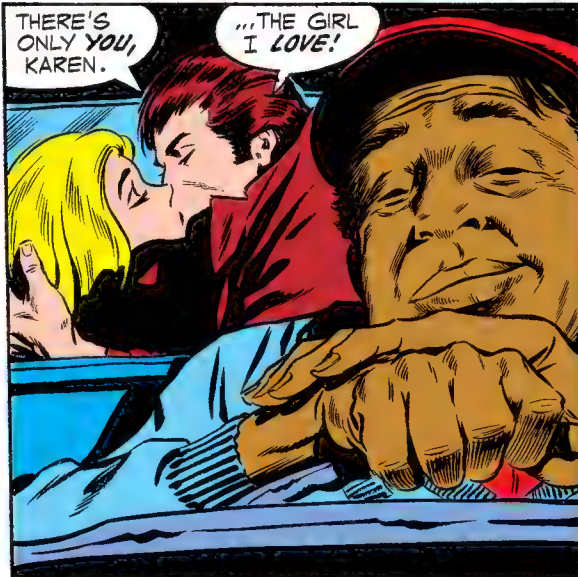
IT'S JUST-- I KEEP THINKING ABOUT **MATT**.

DON'T. **HIS** KAREN PAGE DOESN'T **EXIST** ANYMORE...



THERE'S ONLY YOU, KAREN.

...THE GIRL I LOVE!



AND AS THE CHECKERED CAB DRAWS OUT INTO MIDTOWN TRAFFIC, HEADED TOWARDS QUEENS AND A JET FOR LOS ANGELES--

--YET ANOTHER FIGURE IN THIS TABLEAU-- BEGINS TO **MOVE**.

FACE IT, FOGGY-- YOU'RE ALL **WASHED UP**.

ODD. DOESN'T HAVE THE SAME KINDA **RING** IT DOES ON T.V.

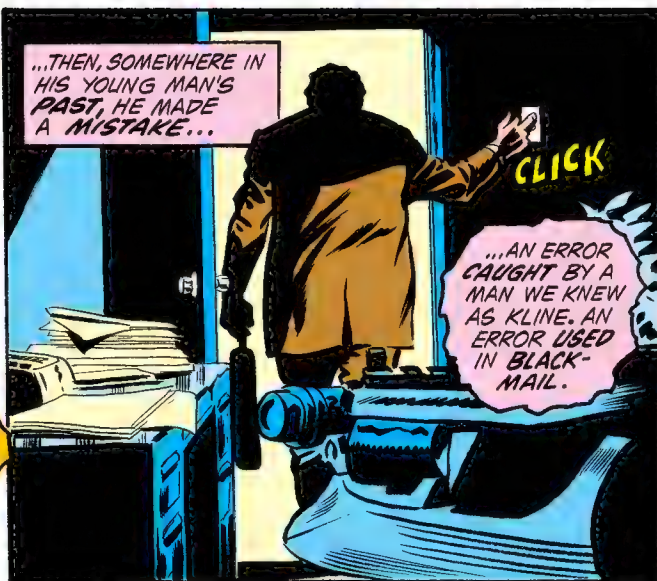
MAYBE THERE'S A **MORAL** IN THAT, SOMEWHERE...





HIS FEATURES
TIGHTEN.
THERE'S NO
MORE HUMOR
LEFT.

ONCE HE WAS
A MAN PROUD...
A DISTRICT
ATTORNEY, A
FIGHTING
YOUNG
LAWYER...



...THEN, SOMEWHERE IN
HIS YOUNG MAN'S
PAST, HE MADE
A MISTAKE...

CLICK

...AN ERROR
CAUGHT BY A
MAN WE KNEW
AS KLINE. AN
ERROR USED
IN BLACK-
MAIL.



AND NOW, HE'S NO
LONGER A PROUD MAN.

TO ESCAPE DISGRACE, HE
BETRAYED HIS FRIENDS...



...AND BY PUTTING THE BLACK
WIDOW ON TRIAL AGAINST ALL
JUSTICE...



...HE'S ULTIMATELY...
BETRAYED...HIMSELF.



IVAN!

WHUMP
CRRASH

WE'VE GOT
TO GO TO
DAREDEVIL--
HE CAN'T HANDLE
ALL OF THEM
ALONE!

SORRY,
LITTLE
LADY...



...BUT I CAN'T
LET YOU DO
THAT.

...WHAT?





RIGHT--NOW I'VE
DONE IT. THERE'S
THREE HUNDRED
PEOPLE ON THIS
BIRD.

IF HE TRIES
ANYTHING--

--I'VE
GOT TO
GIVE IN--!

YOU
TALK A
REAL GOOD
SHOW,
MISTER.

YOU'VE ALWAYS
BEEN SORTA
GOOD AT THAT,
HAVEN'T YA?



WELL, BUSTER--
I **NEED** THIS
PLANE. IT'LL SET
ME UP REAL
NICE.

BUT
BELIEVE ME--
IF I DON'T
GET IT--

--THERE
AIN'T **NOBODY**
GONNA BE LEFT
TO TELL THEM
HOW!



TAKE A
LITTLE
LOOK--SEE ON MY
YOUNG FRIEND'S
CHEST, BIG
MAN...



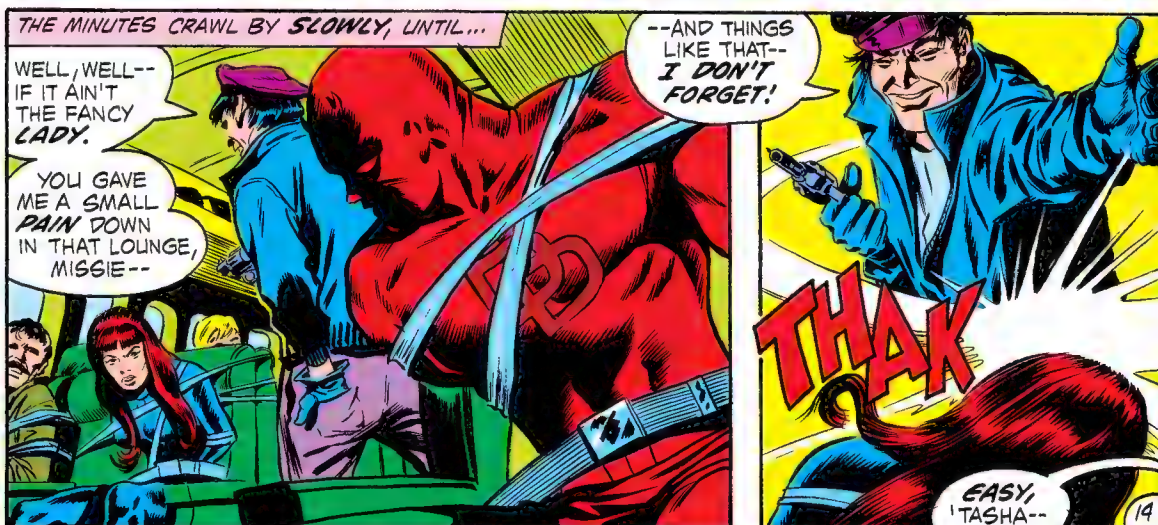
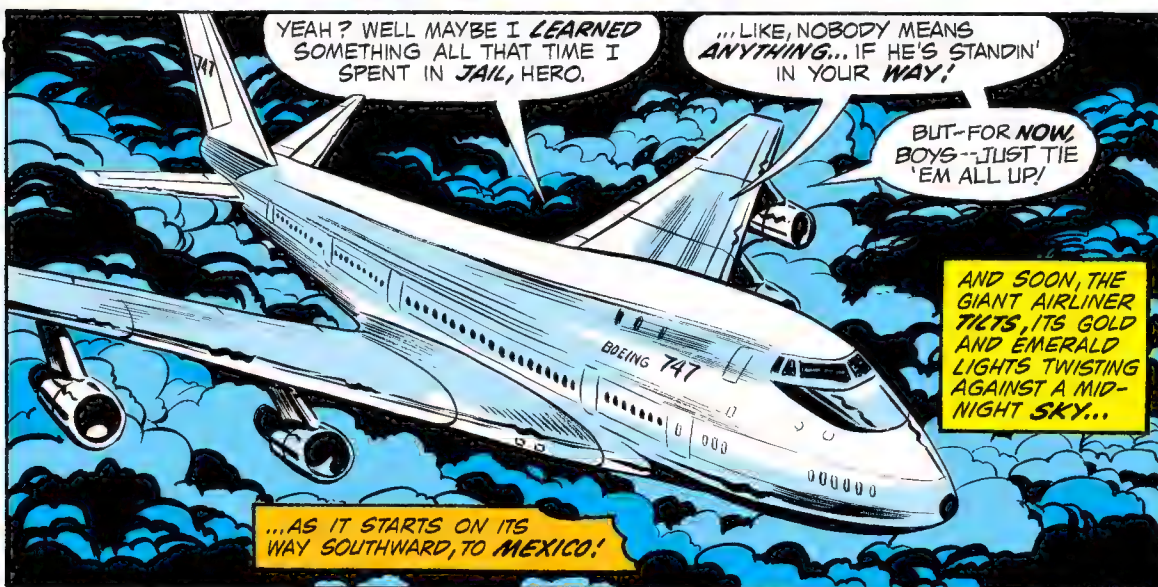
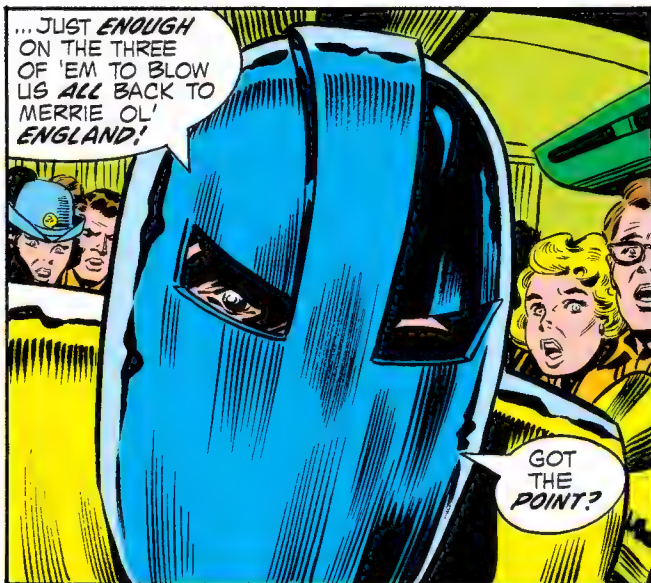
...NOW TELL ME...
WHAT DO YOU
SEE?

**GOOD
LORD...
NO!**

YOU
CALLED
IT, BRIGHT
EYES...



THAT'S A
HALF **POUND**
OF PLASTIC
EXPLOSIVE,
DAREDEVIL!





--DON'T LET THAT PUNK GET YOUR GOAT.

IVAN, YOU'RE MY FRIEND, AND I LOVE YOU--

--BUT PLEASE, MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, ALL RIGHT?



OOOOO-BOY. I SEE IVAN'S NOT IMMUNE TO THE WIDOW'S TEMPER AFTER ALL.

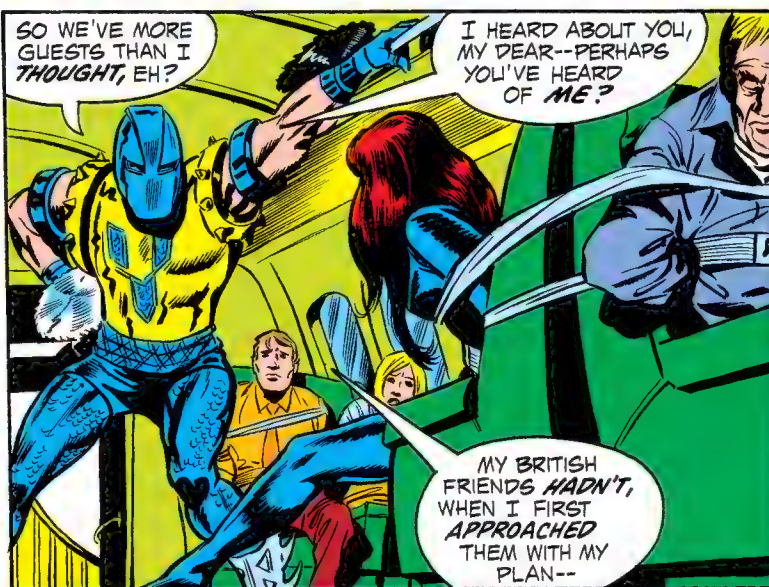
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN COMMON FOR US AT THAT.



...AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS...

...OLD IVAN MIGHT BE THINKING THE SELF-SAME THING--

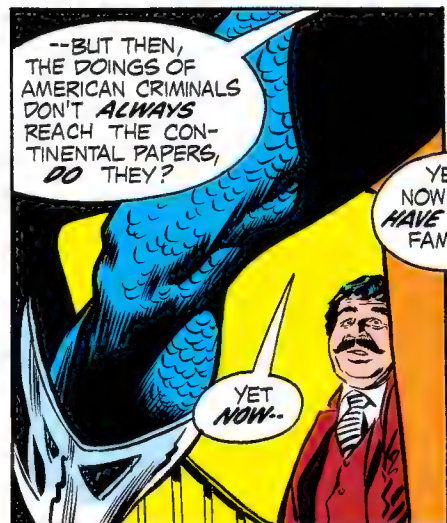
--UH-OH--!



SO WE'VE MORE GUESTS THAN I THOUGHT, EH?

I HEARD ABOUT YOU, MY DEAR--PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF ME?

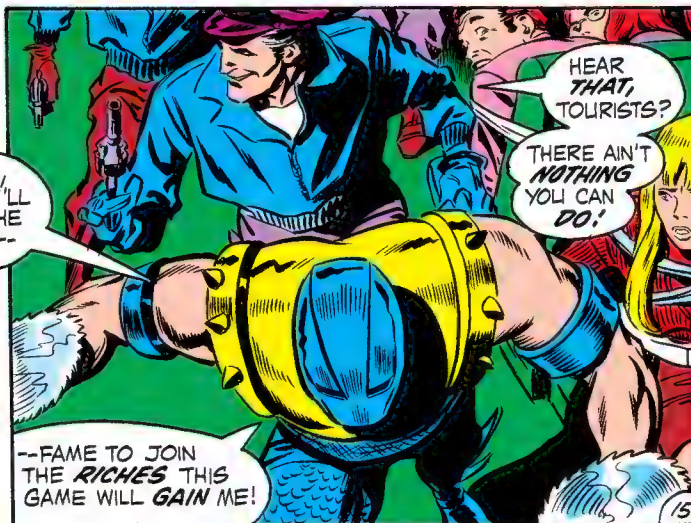
MY BRITISH FRIENDS HADN'T, WHEN I FIRST APPROACHED THEM WITH MY PLAN--



--BUT THEN, THE DOINGS OF AMERICAN CRIMINALS DON'T ALWAYS REACH THE CONTINENTAL PAPERS, DO THEY?

YES, NOW I'LL HAVE THE FAME--

YET NOW--



HEAR THAT, TOURISTS?

THERE AIN'T NOTHING YOU CAN DO!

--FAME TO JOIN THE RICHES THIS GAME WILL GAIN ME!

